Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with tapers.

Claudio Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by slauderous tongues,
Was the Hero that heere lies:
Death in guerdon of her wronges,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with shame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the toomb,
Praising hir when I am dead.

Claudio Now musick sound & sing your solemne hymne.

Song Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, help vs to sigh & grone.
Heauily heauily.
Graues yawne and yeeld your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauily heauily. (right.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do this

Prince Good morrow maisters, put your torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you al, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Claudio Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.

Prince Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to Leonatoes we will goe.

Claudio And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier Did I not tell you shee was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accusd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares,

In

In the true course of all the question
Old Wel, I am glad that all thing
Bened. And so am I, being else b
To call young Claudio to a reckoni
Leo. Well daughter, and you ge
Withdraw into a chamber by your
And when I send for you come hith
The Prince and Claudio promisde
To visite me, you know your office
You must be father to your brother
And giue her to young Claudio.
Old Which I will doe with cons
Bened. Frier, I must intreate you
Frier To doe what Signior?
Bened. To bind me, or vndo me
Signior Leonato, truth it is good Si
Your niece regards me with an eye
Leo. That eye my daughter lent
Bened. And I do with an eye of
Leo. The sight whereof I think
From Claudio and the Prince, but
Bened. Your answere sir is enigt
But for my wil, my will is, your goo
May stand with ours, this day to be
In the state of honorable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I shal desire
Leo. My heart is with your likin
Frier And my helpe.
Heere comes the Prince and Claud
Enter Prince, and Claudio, a
Prince Good morrow to this fa
Leo. Good morrow Prince, go
We heere attend you, are you yet
To day to marry with my brothers
Claud. Ile hold my mind were
Leo Call her foorth brother, her
P. Good morrow Bened. why